

THE LAW
WILL WIN

JUNE
10¢
NO. 15

CRIME
FIGHTING

DETECTIVE

THRILLING TRUE-TO-LIFE STORIES OF CRIME!

CRIME-FIGHTING DETECTIVE

ALSO
IN THIS
THRILL-PACKED
ISSUE



C-C-CAN'T REST... THE COPS TRACK ME EVERYWHERE. THERE'S NO WAY OUT!

THIS IS THE END, BLACKIE!

BEWARE!!

THERE IS NO PLACE TO HIDE FROM THE RELENTLESS FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER... NO SPOT TOO REMOTE, NO CLUE TOO VAGUE, FOR THE CRIMEFIGHTERS OF TODAY! SO IT WAS IN THE CASE OF BLACKIE CUFFARIS. DON'T MISS THIS PULSE-POUNDING THRILLER NOW, IN THIS GREAT ISSUE!

A LESSON OF THE LAW!!

L.B. Cole

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



"BLACKIE" Cuffaris, THE TOUGH GUY!

BASED ON A
TRUE CRIME
CASE

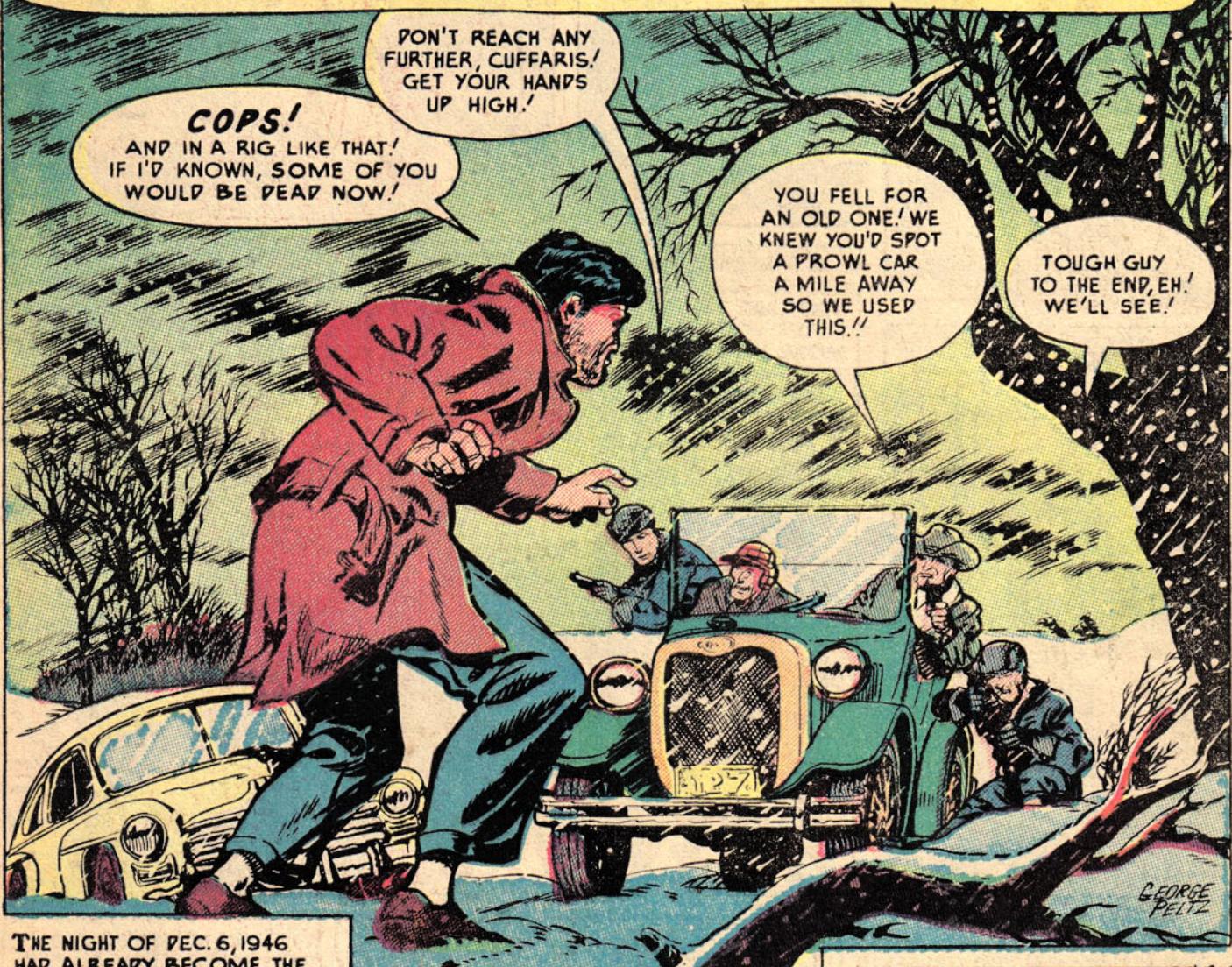
ALVIN "BLACKIE" CUFFARIS WAS A TOUGH GUY! HE BROKE JAIL, HE KILLED MEN, AND HE LAUGHED AT THE LAW! HE LED POSSES ON A DANGEROUS CHASE WITH DEATH TO THE LOSER, AND HE LEARNED THAT COPS COULD BE JUST AS TOUGH AS HE WAS!

PON'T REACH ANY FURTHER, CUFFARIS!
GET YOUR HANDS UP HIGH!

COPS!
AND IN A RIG LIKE THAT!
IF I'D KNOWN, SOME OF YOU
WOULD BE DEAD NOW!

YOU FELL FOR AN OLD ONE! WE KNEW YOU'D SPOT A PROWL CAR A MILE AWAY SO WE USED THIS!!

TOUGH GUY TO THE END, EH!
WE'LL SEE!



GEORGE PELTZ

THE NIGHT OF DEC. 6, 1946 HAD ALREADY BECOME THE YEARS COLDEST WHEN OFFICER KRESS ENTERED THE KANSAS CAFE...

HEY KARL! COME ON OUT OF THE KITCHEN! I'M IN A HURRY FOR SOME HOT JAVA AND SOME JELLY BUNS!

I CAN'T WAIT SO I'M POURING THE COFFEE! WHAT ABOUT THE BUNS, GOT ANY MORE? (SNIFF-SNIFF) I SMELL SMOKE!

THAT'S NOT SMOKE!
IT'S GUNPOWDER...
KARL!



KARL, WHO DID THIS? CAN YOU HEAR ME, KARL? TRY TO TALK - IT'S ME, KRESS!

IT'S NO USE, PAL,
HE'S DEAD!

OMMM!

IF I COULD ONLY SEE... THIS BLOOD IN MY EYES!

OW! THAT DIRTY COP - I SHOULDA FINISHED HIM WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE!

HE'S BEEN DEAD LESS THAN FIFTEEN MINUTES, CAPT. OWEN! TWO SLUGS KNOCKED THE COOK DOWN BUT THE KILLER WASN'T SATISFIED! HE PUT THREE MORE INTO HIS CHEST AFTER THAT!

HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW, KRESS?

O.K. I GUESS!

I THINK I GOT OFF A SHOT BEFORE I PASSED OUT, CAPTAIN!

YES, WE FOUND AN EMPTY, AND THERE'S SOME BLOOD BY THE POOR! THE KILLER CAUGHT YOUR SLUG ALRIGHT, BUT IT WASN'T ENOUGH TO STOP HIM!

SCHMIDT, SEE THAT ALL DOCTORS AND HOSPITALS ARE WARNED TO BE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR A MAN WITH GUNSHOT WOUNDS!

THE REST OF YOU QUESTION EVERYONE AROUND HERE! SOMEONE MUST HAVE SEEN HIM LEAVE!

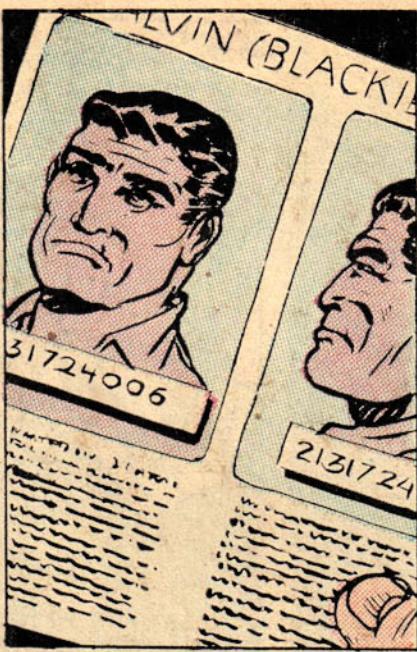
THIS IS MISS KEARN, SIR! SHE WORKS DOWN THE STREET AS A MANICURIST! TELL THE CAPTAIN WHAT YOU TOLD ME, MISS!

WELL... I WAS JUST RETURNING FROM SUPPER! I HAD MY FUR COLLAR UP TO MY FACE... YOU KNOW HOW COLD IT IS, CAPTAIN..... THIS TALL PARK FELLOW CAME DASHING OUT OF HERE AND ALMOST KNOCKED ME DOWN!



THAT'S THE MAN! HE WAS UNSHAVEN, BUT I'D KNOW HIM ANYWHERE BECAUSE OF THAT SCAR ON HIS LIP!

BLACKIE CUFFARIS! SO HE'S OUR MAN!



MARY, GET ME THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!

YES, MR. TELLER!

SHERIFF, DID YOU SEE THE HERALD THIS MORNING? TAKE A GOOD LOOK. THE PICTURE OF THE FELLOW THEY WANT FOR MURDER IN KANSAS! HE'S ON MY PAYROLL! I PUT HIM TO WORK YESTERDAY! HE SAID HIS NAME WAS ALVIN CURTIS!

IS HE AT THE MILL NOW, MR. TELLER?

NO, BUT HE'LL BE IN FOR ANOTHER TRUCK LOAD IN ABOUT AN HOUR!

WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

HELLO, ALVIN, YOU MADE A QUICK TRIP!

NOT BAD! HERE'S THE TRIP TICKET, SWEETHEART! GET MY NEXT LOAD LINED UP AND I'LL TAKE IT OUT AS SOON AS I EAT!



YOU'LL TAKE NOTHING OUT, CUFFARIS, BUT WE'RE TAKING YOU TO KANSAS, THE POLICE THERE WANT TO SEE YOU ABOUT A MURDER!



A NICE TRAP, BUT IT POESN'T WORK!

SHOOT AND SHE GETS IT, COPPER! WE'RE GOING OUT ANO NO ONE BETTER STOP ME!

ARGHH.. (CHOKE)

HE'D KILL HER TOO! I'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL...





OWW! MY ANKLE! I THINK IT'S BROKEN! FRED, GIMME A HANP... DON'T LEAVE ME!

I'M GOING DOWN AFTER HIM!

NO, IT WOULD ONLY CRAMP OUR STYLE! WE'LL BE MISSED ANY MINUTE NOW!



THERE'S NO ALARM YET! I GUESS THEY DIN'T EXPECT A BREAK IN THIS BLIZZARD! TOO BAD ABOUT GUS, THOUGH! THIS WAS ALL HIS IDEA!

FORGET IT! HERE COMES A TRUCKER...THEY'RE ALWAYS GOOP FOR A LIFT!

WHERE YOU BOYS HEADED? YOU MUST BE FROZEN DRESSED LIKE THAT, HEY!

YOU'RE TOO OBSERVANT, PAL!



THAT WAS CONVENIENT, HIS LEAVING THIS TIRE IRON ON THE FRONT SEAT!



TAKE HIS CLOTHES! THEY'RE TOO SMALL FOR ME!

IT'S THE MISSING OILCO DRIVER ALRIGHT! HE FITS THE DESCRIPTION HIS COMPANY GAVE OUT TO A T!

HIS ROUTE TOOK HIM PAST THE COUNTY JAIL AT THE TIME CUFFARIS AND FREDERICKS ESCAPED! IT'S NOT HARD TO GUESS WHO DID THIS!



SLOW DOWN, FRED, AND TAKE IT EASY! THERE'S A RADIO CAR! THE COPS MIGHT BE LOOKING FOR THIS OIL CAN RIGHT NOW!



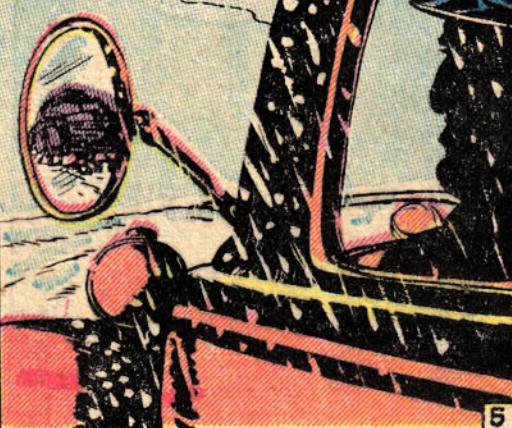
GENERAL ALARM!...ALL CARS... STOLEN OILCO TRUCK, KANSAS LICENSE C-10-42. DRIVER BELIEVED MURDERED BY TWO ESCAPED CRIMINALS!



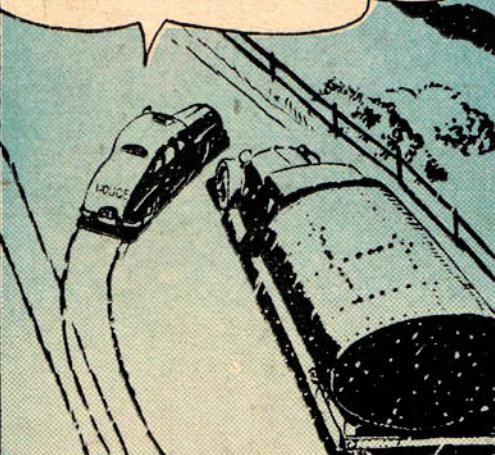
THAT WAS AN OILCO TRUCK I JUST PASSED!

I'M GOING TO CHECK IT RIGHT NOW! HANG ON SERGEANT!

I DON'T LIKE THIS! THAT RADIO CAR THAT JUST PASSED US IS TURNING BACK!



THEY'RE STOPPING! I CAN'T SEE THEIR LICENSE, IT'S SNOWED OVER! BUT I'M GOING TO MAKE THEM COME TO ME, JUST IN CASE... I'LL LEAVE THE RADIO OPEN SO YOU CAN HEAR!



YOU DON'T LOOK ANYTHING LIKE THE PHOTO ON THIS DRIVERS LICENSE, BUT CALL YOUR HELPER OVER... YOU CAN SPIN THE REST OF YOUR FAIRY TALE AT THE BARRACKS!

BANG! THUD! COLLINS, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



SOMETHING'S WRONG! HE DOESN'T ANSWER! GET OUT TO FOUR CORNERS ON THE DOUBLE!

RIGHT... BUT BETTER GET A ROAD BLOCK SET UP JUST IN CASE!



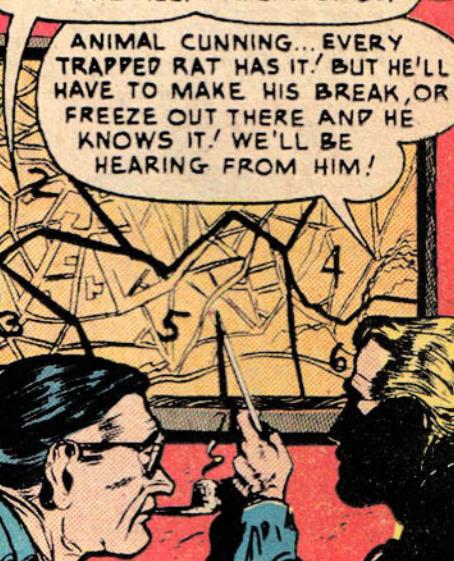
CAP NEWS SERGEANT, COLLINS IS DEAD! HIS SKULL WAS CAVED IN WITH A TIRE IRON! HE GOT ONE OF THE RATS BEFORE HE DIED!... FREDERICKS FROM THE DESCRIPTION!



AT THIS LATE HOUR, CUFFARIS THE KILLER REMAINS ON THE LOOSE! THE GREY EYED MURDERER HAS NOTHING TO LOSE! HE HAS KILLED AND WILL KILL AGAIN TO REMAIN FREE! SOMEHOW THIS SELF-STYLED TOUGH GUY, ALONE IN A RAGING BLIZZARD HAS MANAGED TO ELUDE THE POSSES THAT ARE TRACKING HIM DOWN RELENTLESSLY!



WE'VE BEEN TRACKING HIM 13 HOURS IN THIS STORM! I DON'T SEE HOW HE KEEPS AHEAD OF US!



WON'T THIS BLASTED SNOW EVER STOP FALLING? IT'S TWO FEET DEEP ALREADY!



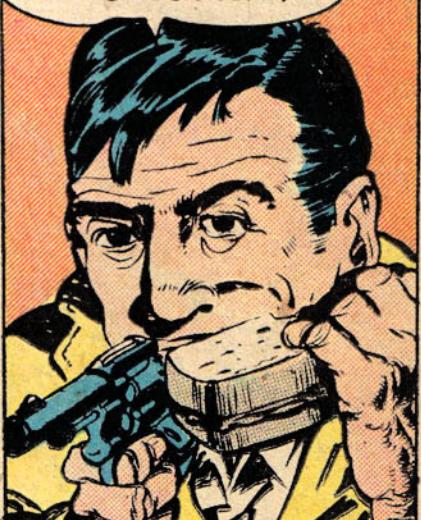
SO WHAT, MAC! WHEN THE ROADS ARE IMPASSABLE, WE GET A VACATION! IF IT WASN'T FOR THIS CUFFARIS NUT THE MAIN ROADS WOULDN'T BE KEPT OPEN THIS LONG!



I BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME FOR YOU... GET IN HERE AND GIMME THAT!

ULP!

THIS IS THE FIRST FOOD I'VE HAD IN 36 HOURS!... YEAH, I'M CUFFARIS ALRIGHT! GIMME YOUR COAT!



THE SNOW
ISN'T ICED UP
YET, KEEP
GOING!

BUT THIS IS A STEEP HILL,
MISTER... OH, OH!... SHE'S
STARTING TO SLIP!

IT'S NO USE... YOU'RE ONLY DIGGING THE AXLE IN THAT
WAY! WE'LL HAVE TO JACK UP THE WHEELS AND PUT THE
CHAINS ON!

THAT'S TOO BAD FOR YOU 'CAUSE
I HAVEN'T THE TIME TO WAIT, AND I
COULDN'T HAVE YOU TELL THE
POSSE ABOUT ME!

PLEASE... DON'T... I
GOT 3 KIDS... I WON'T
TELL THE COPS!

TWO OF YOU
PUT THE
TRUCKDRIVER'S
BODY ON THE
SLED AND
TAKE IT BACK
INTO TOWN!

HE DIDN'T HAVE
TO DO THAT!
THAT CUFFARIS
IS PLAIN
KILL CRAZY!

WHERE
DO YOU
THINK
HE WENT
FROM
HERE?

HE COULD HAVE HIKE BACK
TO TOWN, OR HE COULD'VE
SOUGHT SHELTER
AROUND HERE!

ONE THING... WE CAN BE SURE HE
PIDN'T STEAL ANYMORE TRUCKS!
THERE HAVE BEEN NO REPORTS OF ANY!

WHICH MEANS HE'S STILL
AROUND HERE AND WE MISSED
HIM! WE'LL SPLIT UP AND
KEEP LOOKING!

CORPORAL, CUFFARIS STOLE
MY CAR! HE CUT MY PHONE
SO I HAD TO RUN 3 MILES
TO A NEIGHBOR! I GOT A
HUNCH HE'S HEADED FOR
CLERMONT, THOUGH! HE
ASKED ABOUT THE
ROAD THERE!

CLERMONT, ARE YOU SURE? THAT'S
ONLY A SMALL TOWN! HE'D
BE SPOTTED THERE RIGHT AWAY!

HE MUST HAVE AN ANGLE!
THOUGH MAYBE YOU
CAN HEAD HIM OFF!



THANKS FOR THE SHOVE, BOYS. UNTIL YOU SHOWED UP AND DUG ME OUT, I THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO SPEND THE NIGHT HERE!

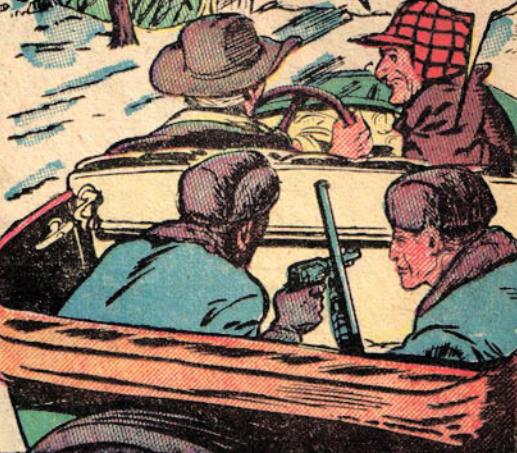
FORGET IT! MAYBE YOU CAN DO THE SAME FOR SOMEBODY ELSE SOME TIME!

HEY, LES... WHAT'S YOUR HURRY? THAT WAS CUFFARIS, THE KILLER! I'M GOING TO CALL THE POLICE. START MY MODEL T UP AND WE'LL GO AFTER HIM!

THAT'S HIS CAR. IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S STUCK AGAIN!

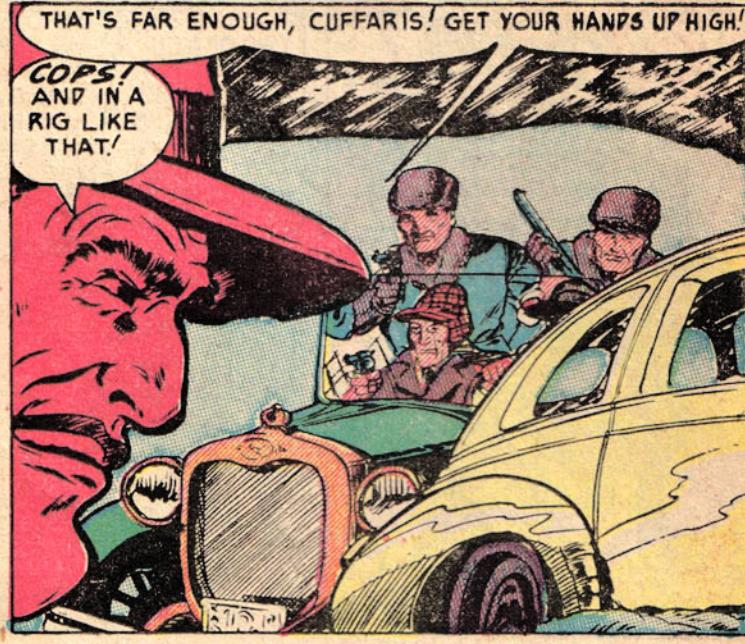
YOU BOYS BETTER DUCK DOWN! HE'LL COME UP SHOOTING IF HE SEES YOUR UNIFORMS!

GOOD IDEA!



IT LOOKS LIKE YOU BOYS ARE JOHNNY ON THE SPOT AGAIN! I'M STUCK UP TO THE HUBCAPS!

SO I SEE! STAY WHERE YOU ARE! MAYBE I CAN PUSH YOU OUT!



YOU FELL FOR AN OLD ONE! WE KNEW YOU'D SPOT A PROWL CAR A MILE AWAY IN THIS COUNTRY, SO WE USED THIS!

IF I'D KNOWN YOU WERE COPS, SOME OF YOU WOULD BE DEAD RIGHT NOW!

WELCOME HOME, BLACKIE! WE'VE KEPT THE SAME AIRY CELL FOR YOU... YOU'LL HAVE LOTS OF ROOM TO PRACTICE YOUR DEATH MARCH!

SHUT UP, YOU! I'M NOT GONNA DIE! I'LL SPRING THIS JOINT AGAIN! YOU'LL SEE!



BUT ON FEB. 6, 1947, ALVIN (BLACKIE) CUFFARIS LEARNED THAT FOR HIM THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY OUT... THE BACK WAY!



CAN THERE BE ANY DOUBT THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

TFMEN

A STORY OF THE
ADVENTURES OF
U.S. TREASURY
DEPARTMENT AGENTS.

ON A NEW ENGLAND WATERFRONT,
A FISHERMAN GOING HOME SEES A
LIGHT ON A FRIEND'S BOAT AND DECIDES
TO STOP AND CHAT.....

HELLO, NICK. UP KINDA'
LATE, AIN'T YOU?
SAY... WHO'S
THIS?

HOW DO YOU LIKE
THIS, SNOOPER?

A CROOK, KNOWN AS MONK, SITTING IN THE CABIN OF THE BOAT WITH NICK, HAS JUST SLUGGED THE FISHERMAN, THINKING HE WAS SNOOPING!

WHY DID YOU DO THAT, MONK?

DO YOU WANT HIM TO BLAB ALL OVER TOWN THAT HE SAW ME HERE?

WELL I DON'T LIKE THAT KIND OF STUFF ON MY BOAT!

SHUT UP YOU'RE GETTING YOUR DOUGH, AND THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE INTERESTED IN!

GET YOUR ROWBOAT. WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THIS BIRD!

WE'LL SINK HIM IN THE HARBOR ... THEN WE'RE SURE HE WON'T TALK!

THE NEXT MORNING, T-MAN TURNER DROPS IN ON HIS CHIEF, INSPECTOR JORDAN . . .

DID YOU READ IN THE PAPER ABOUT FINDING THAT FISHERMAN'S BODY UP IN NEW ENGLAND?

SURE, BUT IT SOUNDED LIKE ANOTHER ACCIDENTAL DROWNING.

MAYBE BUT, WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO NAB A GANG OF DIAMOND SMUGGLERS FOR MONTHS, AND HAVE BEEN SUSPICIOUS OF THAT LOCALITY!

HERE'S A BOX OF WATER COLORS...
GO UP THERE AND
POSE AS AN ARTIST.
AND, KEEP YOUR
EYES AND EARS
OPEN!

O.K. I GET
YOU, CHIEF!

BEFORE
LEAVING,
TURNER
STUDIES THE
DEPARTMENT'S
RECORDS OF
KNOWN
SMUGGLERS.

THERE'S A FEW
FACES IN THIS
FILE THAT I'D
BETTER LOOK OVER!

I'VE BEEN HERE TWO DAYS
AND HAVEN'T SEEN A
THING... JORDAN MUST
HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN.

WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL
PUT ON MY ACT!

SAY... WHERE HAVE
I SEEN THAT FACE
BEFORE?

TURNER TRAILS MONK TO THE
VILLAGE POSTOFFICE.

POSTMASTER... HERE ARE
MY CREDENTIALS... I WANT
TO SEE A LETTER THAT WAS
JUST DROPPED IN THE
OUTGOING MAIL!

THAT'S THE ONE... DON'T
TOUCH IT! I'LL JUST
SLIP IT IN THIS CELLOPHANE
CONTAINER!

BACK IN HIS HOTEL, TURNER EXAMINES THE ENVELOPE FOR FINGERPRINTS



HE PHOTOGRAPHS THE PRINTS

WELL, HERE'S HOPING THESE SHOW UP!



THEY'RE BEAUTIES . . . I'LL GET THESE OFF TO WASHINGTON RIGHT AWAY!



THERE'S NOTHING IN THE CONTENTS OF THE LETTER! LET'S SEE WHAT A LITTLE HEAT WILL DO!



HE RUNS AN ELECTRIC IRON ACROSS THE LETTER . . .



THEN, THE LETTER IS IMMERSED IN A PAN OF WATER SLIGHTLY TINTED WITH INK!



SO! WE READ BETWEEN THE LINES!



I'm getting a good rest
THE LAST LOT IS DUE
in this little town, but
THURSDAY NIGHT. WE
are looking forward to
WILL EXPECT YOUR
seeing you and
MAN ON FRIDAY.
the folks.

A MESSAGE APPEARS THAT WAS WRITTEN WITH SALIVA AND A TOOTHPICK!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, TURNER RECEIVED A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER AT THE POST OFFICE!

I WAS RIGHT! IT'S THE MONK! HE'S CHANGED THE COLOR OF HIS HAIR, BUT HE COULDN'T CHANGE HIS FINGERPRINTS!



THIS IS THURSDAY. I'LL POSE AS THE MAN MONK IS EXPECTING AND TELL HIM I CAME EARLY!

TURNER LEAVES HIS HOTEL ROOM TO FIND MONK....

THIS IS ONLY A SAMPLE...
THE BIG SHIPMENT COMES IN TONIGHT!

THAT'S SOME DIAMOND!

MONK SHOWS THE T-MAN A SMUGGLED DIAMOND!

WHO IS HE?
I DUNNO'....
BUT, WE'VE GOTTA' RUB HIM OUT!

THIS IS THE PLACE!

I GOT YOUR LETTER, BUT I CAME DOWN EARLY! 5

JOE...THIS IS THE GUY FROM THE SYNDICATE.
HE CAME EARLY

YOU'RE CRAZY!
THEY ALWAYS SEND A LITTLE RUNT WITH GLASSES!

ANOTHER SMUGGLER ENTERS...

TURNER MAKES A GRAB FOR HIS GUN!

NOT SO FAST, BUDDY!

GOOD WORK, MONK!

HEY MONK!
I GOT BAD NEWS!

NICK...YOU SAP! I TOLD YOU NEVER TO COME HERE!

THEY WON'T BE HERE BEFORE SUNDAY NIGHT!

NICK, THE FISHERMAN, ARRIVES!

HERE'S HIS HOTEL KEY GO OVER TO HIS ROOM AND SEE IF YOU CAN FIND OUT WHO HE IS!



THE CROOK RETURNS FROM TURNER'S HOTEL . . .

HE'S A T-MAN ! WE GOTTA' KNOCK HIM OFF!



WE'VE GOT A LOT OF DOUGH TIED UP IN THIS DEAL AND IF WE DON'T DELIVER THE ROCKS TO THE SYNDICATE THEY'LL NEVER BUY FROM US AGAIN!



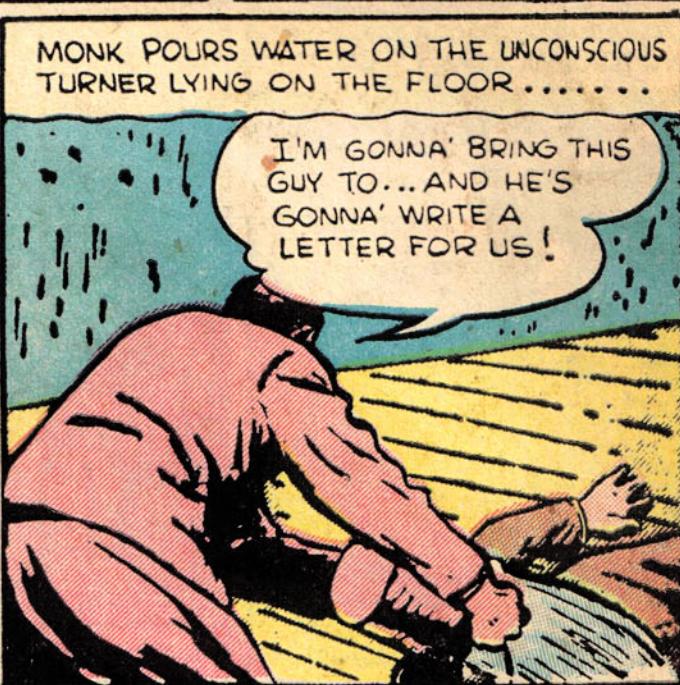
THE AGENT WILL BE HERE TOMORROW AND NICK WILL GET THE LAST SHIPMENT SUNDAY. ALL WE GOTTA' DO IS KEEP THE T-MEN OFF OUR NECKS !

BUT, HOW?



MONK POURS WATER ON THE UNCONSCIOUS TURNER LYING ON THE FLOOR

I'M GONNA' BRING THIS GUY TO... AND HE'S GONNA' WRITE A LETTER FOR US !



WRITE THIS, T-MAN :
"DEAR CHIEF... I'M BEING HELD AS A HOSTAGE AND THEY'LL LET ME GO MONDAY. DON'T TRY AND LOCATE ME OR I'LL GET THE WORKS!"



SAY . HOW ABOUT A CUP OF THAT COFFEE ? MY HEAD'S SPINNING!



SURE, ANYTHING FOR A PAL !

WHILE THE CROOKS ARE LOOKING OUTSIDE, TURNER WORKS QUICKLY

THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING OUTSIDE ! YOU'RE GETTING JUMPY !



DRIVE TO BOSTON
AND MAIL THAT LETTER!
THE POSTMARK WILL
KEEP 'EM GUESSING!

ON SUNDAY NIGHT, NICK
PICKS A BUNDLE MARKED
WITH PHOSPHORESCENT
PAINT OUT OF THE SEA....

MONK AND THE AGENT
FOR THE SYNDICATE LOOK
THE DIAMONDS OVER....

7
HERE THEY ARE
PAY OFF!

SUDDENLY, THE DOOR OPENS AND
INSPECTOR JORDAN LEAPS IN, GUN IN HAND!

REACH!

YOU'LL HAVE TO
LEARN TO SHOOT
BETTER THAN THAT!

JORDAN AND
MONK SHOOT
IT OUT!

NO YOU
DON'T!

GOOD WORK,
TURNER!

YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE
GIVEN ME THAT COFFEE!
I STEAMED THE STAMP
OFF THE LETTER AND
WROTE THIS ADDRESS
UNDERNEATH!

TURNER LEAPS AT JOE
AS HE REACHES FOR HIS GUN!

THE END

DEAD GIVE-A-WAY

"HE'S always puttering around in the dirt," muttered Jakey. "Never thinks of anything else. Dressed in his old clothes all the time. Spendin' good money for fertilizer, while I have to beg 'im for a few dollars." He smiled darkly. "But not after today. His money comes to me after he dies."

"Jake! Jake, come here," shouted his uncle from the vegetable patch.

Jake smiled grimly at the anger in the old man's voice. "Must've found the hole I dug," he muttered. "All right, Uncle William, coming."

Perspiration wet the palms of Jakey's hands. He dried them on his pants and picked up an iron bar.

Purple veins of rage stood out on Uncle William's face. He pointed a bony finger at a deep, wide hole in one corner of the patch. "This is your work isn't it," he asked. "Why?"

"Well," said Jakey, "it's like this." He stepped up to the old man and swung the bar at his head.

There was a dull, sickening thud. Uncle William's eyes glazed over and he fell into the hole. "It's like this, Uncle," said Jakey, as he reached for the shovel, "I want to bury you in your own garden."

When the grave was filled in and smoothed over, Jakey carefully transplanted some cabbage plants in it, so that the garden row was unbroken.

"Now no one will suspect where your body is hidden," he said with satisfaction. "Even if that nosy sheriff suspects I killed you, he can't prove it without a corpse."

Sheriff Moore said the same thing, after he'd investigated the mysterious disappearance of Uncle William without result. "I'm sure Jakey killed him and hid his body somewhere," he told his deputy. "But we can't accuse him of anything till we find the corpse. Proof, that's what we need."

A month went by, during which Sheriff Moore's investigation came to a standstill. One day he passed the Devers' place and glanced at the vegetable garden which hadn't been touched all month.

In the far corner of the patch was a wild tangle

of tall sunflowers which had somehow managed to evade the smothering weeds that had killed the cabbage plants in the row.

"That's funny," he muttered, "sunflowers growing in a garden patch, I mean. Don't hardly seem like Uncle William would've planted them there."

An idea jolted him and sent him running to the nearest phone. He called a seed store. "Fred," he asked the proprietor, "did Uncle William buy anything the day of his disappearance?"

"Why sure, Sheriff," Fred replied. "A package of sunflower seeds."

An hour later, Jakey Devers, handcuffed to Sheriff Moore, trembled as he watched the deputy uncover William's body in the vegetable plot.

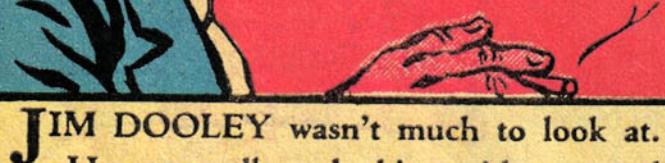
"I had it planned so good," he kept repeating. "How'd you know he was buried here?"

"The sunflower seeds he had in his pocket the day you killed him, Jakey," Moore answered. "They sprouted and marked his grave."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

of CRIME FIGHTING DETECTIVE, published quarterly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1, 1950. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Jerome A. Kramer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the aforesaid publication, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Star Publications, Inc., 286-5th Avenue, New York City 1; Editor, Leonard B. Cole, 286-5th Avenue, New York City 1; Business Manager, Jerome A. Kramer, 286-5th Avenue, New York City 1. That the owner is: Star Publications, Inc., 286-5th Avenue, New York City 1; Jerome A. Kramer, 286-5th Avenue, New York City 1. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed: Jerome A. Kramer, business manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1950. Gordon W. Terry, Notary Public. My commission expires March 30, 1951.

'FOILED'



JIM DOOLEY wasn't much to look at. He was tall and thin, with stooped shoulders and an oversized nose. But he felt proud of himself. He had been in Cloverdale just six days and his plans to break into the Farmers' Bank were completed.

Not only that, but through a contact in the Big City, he had reached Reds Malone. Reds was one of the best safe-crackers in the business, and was to be his partner in this crime. There'd be about fifty thousand dollars to split between them, but it wasn't in Jim's plans to take only half.

Dooley paced the floor of his hotel room waiting for Reds to arrive. He had heard many tales about Reds' exploits but had never actually met him.

He felt like patting himself on the back. He wasn't meeting Reds at the station where they could be seen together. No, they'd meet in the room, go over his plans, then separate until they pulled off the job.

A satisfied grin spread across Dooley's face. He even knew how hard he was going to hit Reds on the head once the safe was opened. Reds would be unconscious when the cops arrived, after Jim had tipped them off that the bank was being robbed.

There was a sharp tap on the door. Dooley breathed deeply, then, went and opened the door.

The man who stood there, politely holding his felt hat, was one of the biggest men Dooley had ever seen. His mop of red hair seemed to light up his smiling, clean-shaven face.

"Are you Jim Dooley?" the redhead asked.

"Yeah, Reds, come in," Dooley said excitedly.

Dooley didn't waste time. He showed the redhead a sketch of the bank and told him that there was a rear window which could be forced open, and that there was no watchman after twelve o'clock.

Then the redhead left, promising to be in the alley behind the bank at quarter past twelve.

Dooley reached the entrance to the alley, and in the darkness felt the blackjack in his pocket. Elated at the prospects of filling his pockets with money, he walked the length of the alley and, as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, spotted another figure.

"Everything okay, Reds?" Dooley whispered.

"Everything's perfect," the redhead answered.

Suddenly Dooley saw the man alongside of the redhead. "Hey," he exclaimed, "who's that guy?"

"A friend of mine," the redhead said. "I need him for this job."

"You shouldn't have brought anybody else," Dooley snapped, wondering how he could use the blackjack on two men.

"I had to," the redhead smiled. "You see, he's the sheriff of Cloverdale, and I'm Sergeant Quinn from Big City. That contact you had was a police stoolie, and I came here to keep you from breaking into the bank. But I can't make an arrest here, so that's where the sheriff comes in."

Dooley saw the revolver in the sheriff's hand, and he knew he was on his way to jail.

THE END

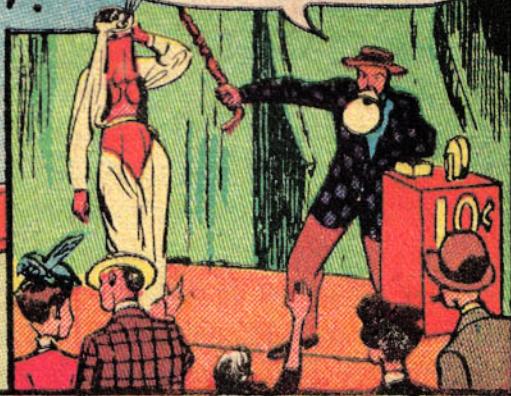
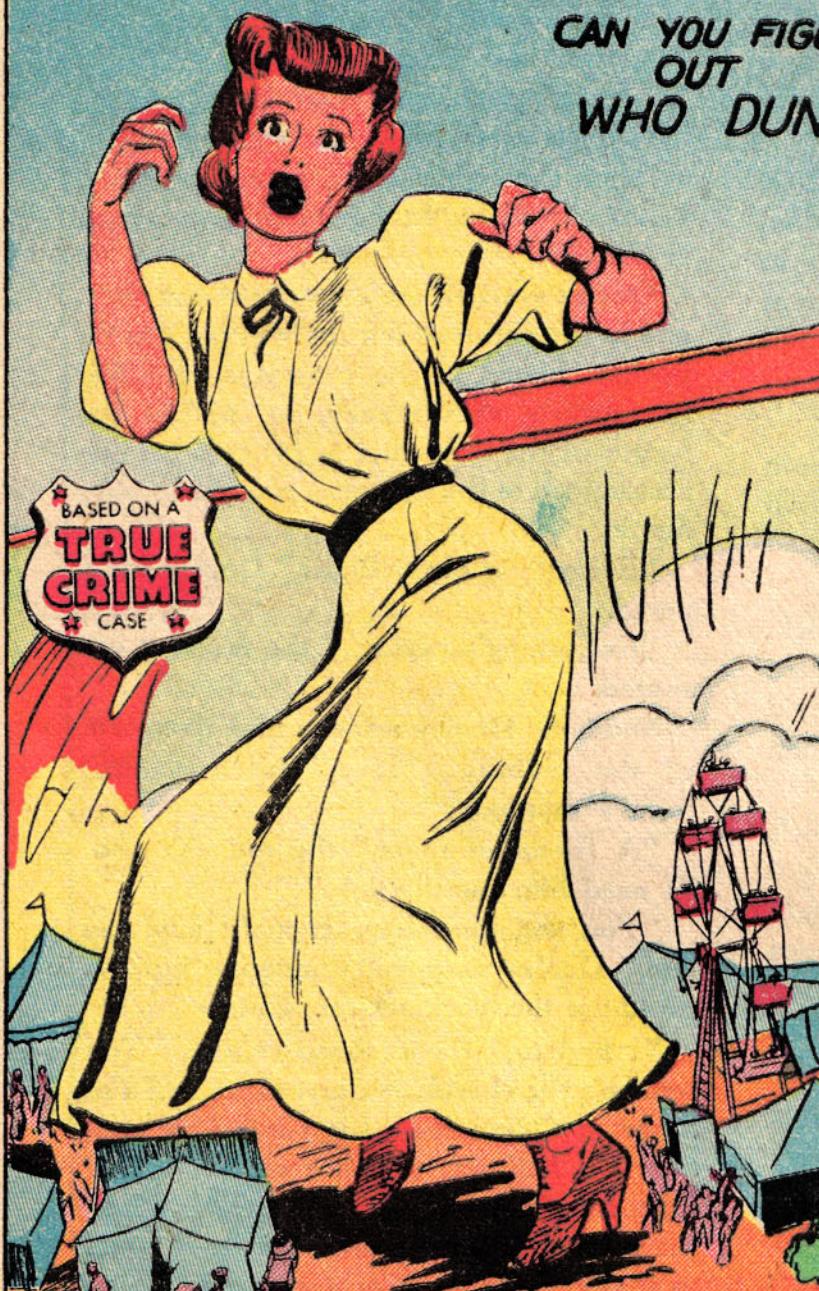
Carnival Killings

IT WAS A GAY CARNIVAL NIGHT AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY. BUT GAIETY TURNED TO HORROR WHEN MURDER STRUCK. SEE HOW A KEEN-WITTED CORONER RELENTLESSLY TRACKED DOWN THE KILLER IN THIS TRUE CRIME MYSTERY: "THE CARNIVAL KILLINGS"!

ON A JUNE NIGHT IN 1897...
THE STUART AND WHITE WAGON SHOW WAS PLAYING IN ST. LOUIS.

CAN YOU FIGURE
OUT
WHO DUNNIT?

HURRY! HURRY! WATCH THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH! RITA RIVERS, THE BEAUTIFUL, SINGING, DANCING GIRL! GET YOUR TICKETS! HURRY! HURRY!



THE AUDIENCE CROWDED INTO THE TENT--RITA BEGAN HER FIRST NUMBER, WHEN SUDDENLY...



DR. JOHN UDELL, COUNTY CORONER-- THERE AS A SPECTATOR -- RUSHED TO THE STRICKEN GIRL!

SHE'S DEAD... THE SHOTS CAME THROUGH THE BACK OF THE TENT... ANYONE SEE ANYTHING ELSE?

JUST THE BULLET HOLES THE FLASH... BULLETS MADE IN THE CANVAS!



PAT LOWE -- MIDGET PERFORMER!

I WAS IN MY WAGON--NO.40... EATING MUSHROOMS WHEN I HEARD THEM SHOTS--I RUN OUT TO THE WAGON PLATFORM AND SEEN JOE IN FRONT OF THE TENT... IF YA REALLY WANT TO KNOW WHO DONE IT...

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR!



I'LL SLAP YOU DOWN WITH ONE FINGER! I'LL--

EASY, BONKY!... THIS WON'T HELP YOU, BUT AN ALIBI MIGHT. WHERE WERE YOU WHEN MISS RIVERS WAS MURDERED?



HOMICIDE WAS NOTIFIED, AND DETECTIVE ANDERSON SOON JOINED DR. UDELL IN QUESTIONING CIRCUS PERFORMERS.

OTHER PERFORMERS SAY YOU HAD MORE EYE FOR SURE, WHO WOULDN'T? LOTS THAN A BUSINESS OF MEN WERE

INTERESTED. BUT RITA RIVERS. I DIDN'T SHOOT HER.

I WAS RIGHT OUT FRONT WHEN I HEARD SHOTS!

JOE WAHL'S RIGHT!



HIM! THE STRONG MAN, LOU BONKY! HE WAS CRAZY IN LOVE WITH RITA! HE TOLD ME A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO, IF HE COULDN'T GET HER, NO ONE WOULD!

I WAS JUST TALKING. I GOT AN ALIBI, YOU PEE-WEE TROUBLE-MAKER!



BONKY'S ALIBI: HE WAS HAVING HIS FORTUNE TOLD...

YOU SAY BONKY WAS HERE, MME. THERESE?

YES, THEN WE WERE TOLD THERE'D BEEN A MURDER... THE CRYSTAL SHOWED HAPPINESS FOR HIM WITH A FINE WOMAN...

THAT'S THAT... BONKY'S ALIBI... COME ON, DOC.



OTHER CARNIE FOLKS WERE QUESTIONED--TICKET SELLERS, JUGGLERS, CLOWNS--AND THE ACROBATS, MURRAY AND EDNA DUNCAN.

MY WIFE AND I WERE IN OUR WAGON. I WAS EATING PIE SHE BAKED...

AND I WAS IN OUR DRESSING ROOM, GETTING READY FOR OUR ACT!

EVERYONE WAS SOMEPLACE ELSE-- YET RITA RIVERS WAS MURDERED!

36

THEN A CANDY VENDOR WHISPERED SURPRISING NEWS!

LISTEN, LOU BONKY LIED ABOUT BEIN' IN THERESE'S TENT AT THE MURDER TIME. I SAW HIM LEAVE WHILE RITA WAS STILL OUTSIDE GIVING THE COME-ON! BACK TO THERESE'S, DOC.

MEANWHILE... STICK WITH ME, LOU, AND YOU'LL
THERESE... BE HAPPY. SHE
WASN'T FIT FOR
YOU--A LITTLE FLIRT--
I HATED HER!

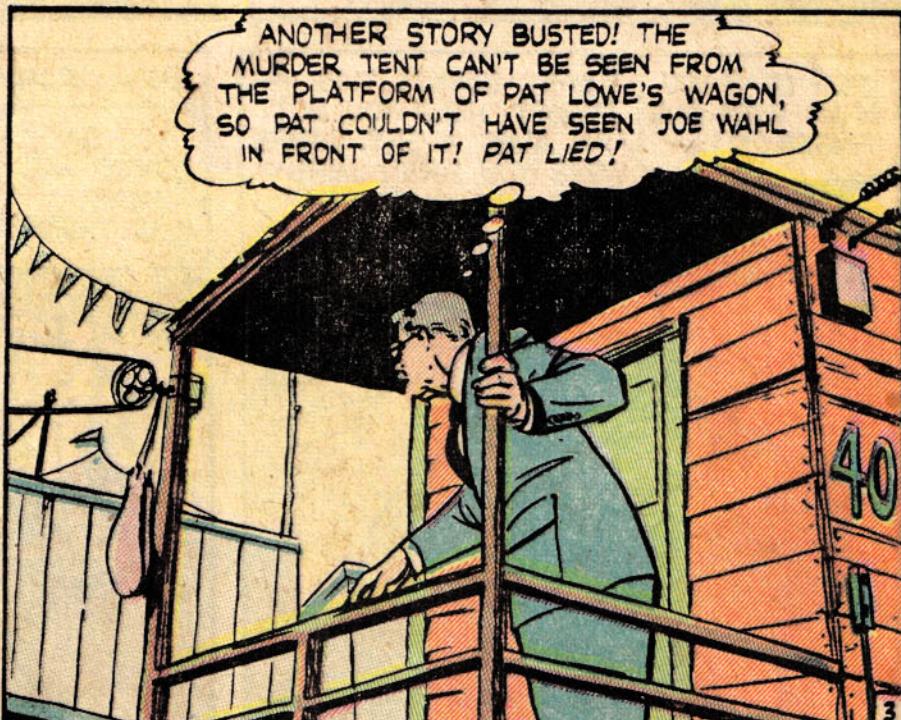
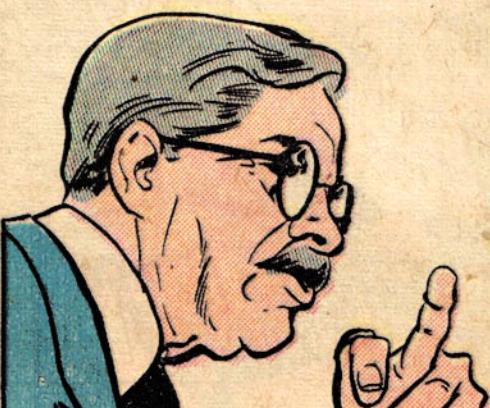
MAYBE YOU KILLED HER,
THERESE, OUT OF JEALOUSY!
BOTH OF YOUR ALIBIS HAVE
EXPLODED! BONKY WAS
SEEN LEAVING HERE
BEFORE THE MURDER!

ALL RIGHT.
I LIED... I WAS
SCARED... BUT I'M
INNOCENT!

OF COURSE
HE IS... SO
AM I...

THEY EACH HAD A MOTIVE...
KEEP QUESTIONING THEM...
THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE
I WANT TO LOOK INTO.

ANOTHER STORY BUSTED! THE
MURDER TENT CAN'T BE SEEN FROM
THE PLATFORM OF PAT LOWE'S WAGON,
SO PAT COULDN'T HAVE SEEN JOE WAHL
IN FRONT OF IT! PAT LIED!



OH; IT'S YOU, DOC! HAVE SOME MUSHROOMS! NO BETTER FOOD! I'M A REAL EXPERT ON THEM!

NO THANKS. I'M A GREAT MUSHROOM-EATER MYSELF, BUT I HAVE NO APPETITE AT THE MOMENT!

I WANT TO KNOW WHERE YOU REALLY WERE AT THE TIME OF THE SHOOTING? NOT HERE... YOU CAN'T SEE THE MURDER TENT FROM HERE. WHY DID YOU LIE?

BECAUSE I LIKE JOE WAHL!

ALL RIGHT, I WAS ON THE GROUNDS ALONE -- SO WHAT? I DIDN'T KILL HER... Y'MM, THIS IS GOOD!

LATER, A DISCOURAGED PAIR START BACK TO HEADQUARTERS...

I COULDN'T GET ANY FURTHER INFO OUT OF BONKY AND THERESE!

NO LUCK WITH PAT LOWE EITHER. WHY DID HE LIE? HE ALONE HAD NO MOTIVE FOR THE MURDER. SOME CASE! NO REAL EVIDENCE ON ANYONE!

AT THE END OF THE WEEK, THE SHOW WAS SCHEDULED TO LEAVE.

THERE WAS STILL NO EVIDENCE FOR WHICH ANYONE COULD BE HELD!

BUT DR. UDELL DIDN'T GIVE UP.

PAT LOWE MUST HAVE LIED ABOUT HIS WHEREABOUTS TO COVER UP FOR SOMEONE... MAYBE HE HAD SEEN SOMETHING. I'M GOING TO ASK QUESTIONS AT CAFES AND SALOONS NEAR THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS! THE SHOWFOLKS FREQUENTED THEM!

THE WEEKS ROLLED ON; AUGUST, AND STILL NO RESULTS. THEN ONE NIGHT AT THE THREE DOOR SALOON...

PAT LOWE CAME IN HERE A COUPLE OF NIGHTS AFTER THE MURDER, FLASHING A ROLL OF BILLS. SAID THERE WAS MORE COMING. LUCKY FELLA.

UH-HUH! JUST AS I SUSPECTED!

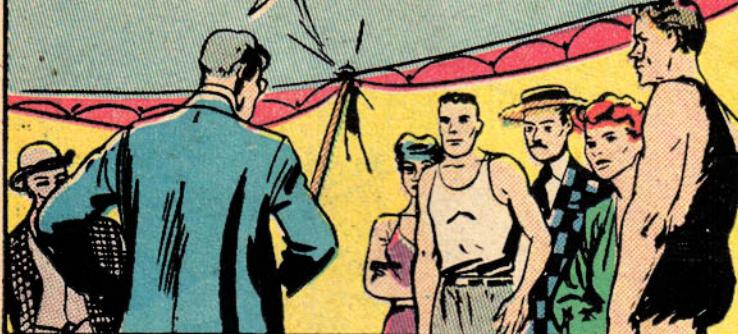
DR. UDELL HURRIED TO CHICAGO WHERE THE CARNIVAL WAS PLAYING -- TO QUESTION LOWE AGAIN... BUT...

PAT LOWE DEAD!
WHEN? HOW?

DIED TWO NIGHTS AGO AFTER EATING POISON MUSHROOMS. HE PICKED A BATCH IN A LOT NEAR HERE, AND EDNA DUNCAN COOKED THEM FOR HIM.

THAT NIGHT--IN A LARGE SHOW TENT..

I CALLED YOU ALL TOGETHER BECAUSE
I KNOW WHO KILLED RITA RIVERS!
ONE OF YOU HERE IS THE MURDERER!

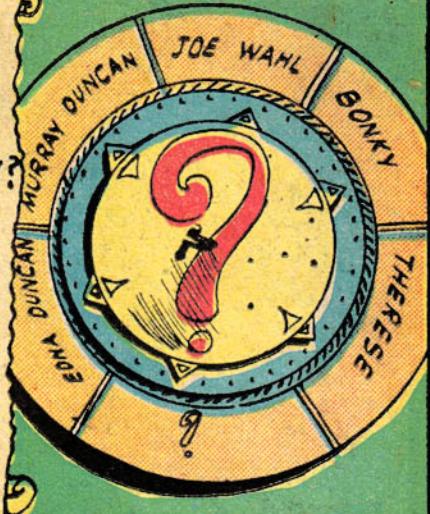


WHO?

WHO KILLED
RITA RIVERS?

DO YOU KNOW?

WHAT LED
DR. UDELL
TO PICK
THE
MURDERER
FROM
ONE
OF THESE?



TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR THE SOLUTION!

This section contains three panels. The first panel shows a man in a striped shirt and green pants being attacked by a donkey. The second panel shows the man being held down by several men in a ring. The third panel shows the man being beaten with a baseball bat.

OF IT!
HER CELL FROM LACK
WITH FOOD DIED IN
COMMITTED MURDER
THE WOMAN WHO HAD
ON NOVEMBER 18, 1937.
EXECUTION, SHE WENT
ON A HUNGER STRIKE.
MRS. DUNCAN! COME ON!
NOW YOU'LL START
PLAYING FOR YOUR CRIME,
WHILE AWAITING
SENTENCE TO DEATH
IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.
DIDN'T DIE ACCIDENTALLY, YOU
DESCRIBED YOU PERFECTLY. PAT
ASSUMED NAME. THE CLERK
YOU BOUGHT ARSENIC UNDER AN
YOU WAS BLACKMAILING YOU! HE
PUT ARSENIC IN THE MUSHROOMS
YOU COOKED HIM BECAUSE
HE WAS SEEN YOU SHOOT RITA
RIVERS!

ALL RIGHT! I KILLED HER.
TRAIL IN NOVEMBER.
DNA DUNCAN WAS
SENTENCED TO DEATH
IN MY HUSBAND! I SLIPPED OUT
TO MY DRESSING ROOM AND SHOT
HER; HID THE GUN... TOO BAD PAT
SAW ME... I GOT TIRED OF PLAYING
OF MY DRESSING ROOM AND SHOT
HER, HID THE GUN... TOO BAD PAT
HUSH MONEY TO HIM!

NOW YOU'LL START
PLAYING FOR YOUR CRIME,
WHILE AWAITING
SENTENCE TO DEATH
IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.
DIDN'T DIE ACCIDENTALLY, YOU
DESCRIBED YOU PERFECTLY. PAT
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YOU WAS BLACKMAILING YOU! HE
PUT ARSENIC IN THE MUSHROOMS
YOU COOKED HIM BECAUSE
HE WAS SEEN YOU SHOOT RITA
RIVERS!

This panel shows a man in a red shirt and glasses being held down by another man in a blue shirt.

STORIES IN THIS VICINITY....
REALIZING THAT, I CHECKED ALL DRUG-
STORES IN THIS VICINITY....
PICK POISON MUSHROOMS BY MISTAKE?
HE CERTAINLY KNEW ENOUGH NOT TO
MUSHROOMS, KNEW ALL THE VARIETIES.
WE PROOF. HE WAS AN EXPERT ON
HAVEN'T I? PAT LOWE'S DEATH GAVE

This panel shows a man in a yellow shirt being held down by another man in a blue shirt.

OUNCE OF PROOF?
YOU HAVEN'T AN
RITA? HA-HA!
ABSORBD! I, KILL

LARRY BRODERICK

DETECTIVE



LARRY IS TAKING CYNTHIA RANDOLPH TO MRS. STEPHEN CRANE'S PARTY.

THE LIGHTS ARE ON IN TONY BEDFORD'S LAB. LET'S STOP AND TAKE HIM ALONG!



YOU NEEDN'T HAVE BEEN FRIGHTENED, CYNTHIA, THE PANTHER HAS ONLY FIVE SECONDS TO LIVE!

I GAVE THE BEAST AN INJECTION CREATED FROM ASP VENOM. I'LL LUG THE CARCASS INSIDE FOR DISSECTION TOMORROW, AND THEN I'LL BE WITH YOU!

HE'S ANTHONY K. BEDFORD, MRS. CRANE'S BROTHER. OWNS HALF THE BEDFORD CHEMICAL FORTUNE. TONY'S AN AUTHORITY ON POISON!

WHY DID YOU POISON THE PANTHER, BEDFORD?

EXPERIMENTATION. THE BEAST HAD KILLED A DOZEN NATIVES BEFORE HE WAS CAPTURED!

WHERE'S THAT PHONY HUSBAND OF YOURS, MY DEAR SISTER?

DR. STEPHEN IS ON AN EMERGENCY CALL. HE'LL BE HERE SHORTLY.

DON'T PHONE THE HOUSE ANYMORE, HONEY. IT CAUSES TROUBLE!

BUT, STEVEY, DEAR! I LOVE TO HEAR YOUR VOICE!

DR. CRANE HAS ARRIVED, MADAME!

CLARA, I'VE WARNED YOU AGAINST GIVING THESE STUPID PARTIES! YOU KNOW CROWDED ROOMS ARE DANGEROUS FOR YOUR THROAT!

THAT WET BLANKET'S ALWAYS REMINDING HER OF HER INCURABLE THROAT AILMENT! HE'LL KILL HER IF HE DOESN'T STOP FRIGHTENING HER!

YOUR PEARLS ARE SO BEAUTIFUL, MRS. CRANE, THAT I'VE HAD THIS IMITATION PASTE SET MADE UP JUST LIKE YOURS.

I WAS FEELING BETTER UNTIL STEPHEN SCOLDED ME! NOW MY THROAT ACHES AGAIN!

TONY GAVE THEM TO ME AS A WEDDING PRESENT. THEY ARE BEAUTIFUL, BUT WHEN I WEAR THEM IT SEEMS AS IF UNSEEN FINGERS GRIP MY THROAT!

STRANGE ABOUT THOSE PEARLS--I'VE GOT TO DANCE WITH MRS. CRANE AND TALK TO HER!

OH, LARRY!

--STEPHEN THOUGHT TONY HAD THE PEARLS DIPPED INTO SOME SUBTLE POISON BEFORE HE GAVE THEM TO ME, CAUSING MY THROAT AILMENT, BUT YEARS LATER, THE PEARLS WERE TESTED SHOWING NO TRACE OF POISON!



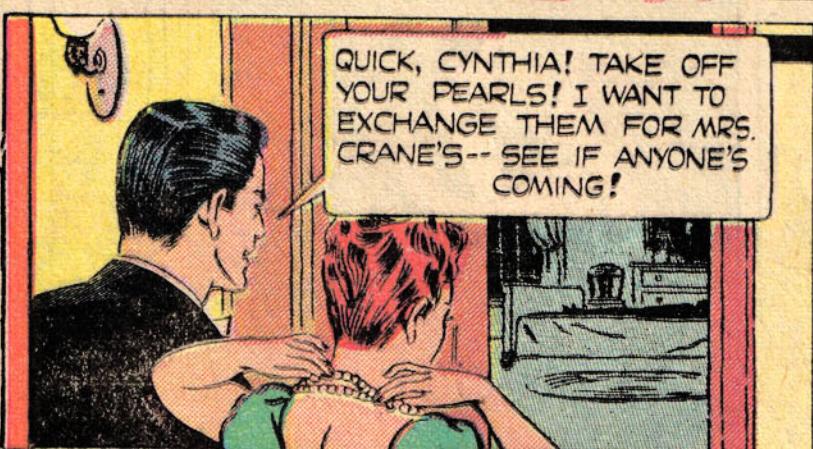
YOU KILLED HER YOURSELF, YOU QUACK! YOU SCARED HER TO DEATH BY ALWAYS HARPING ABOUT HER THROAT!



NURSE, DO SOMETHING FOR DR. CRANE'S EYE!

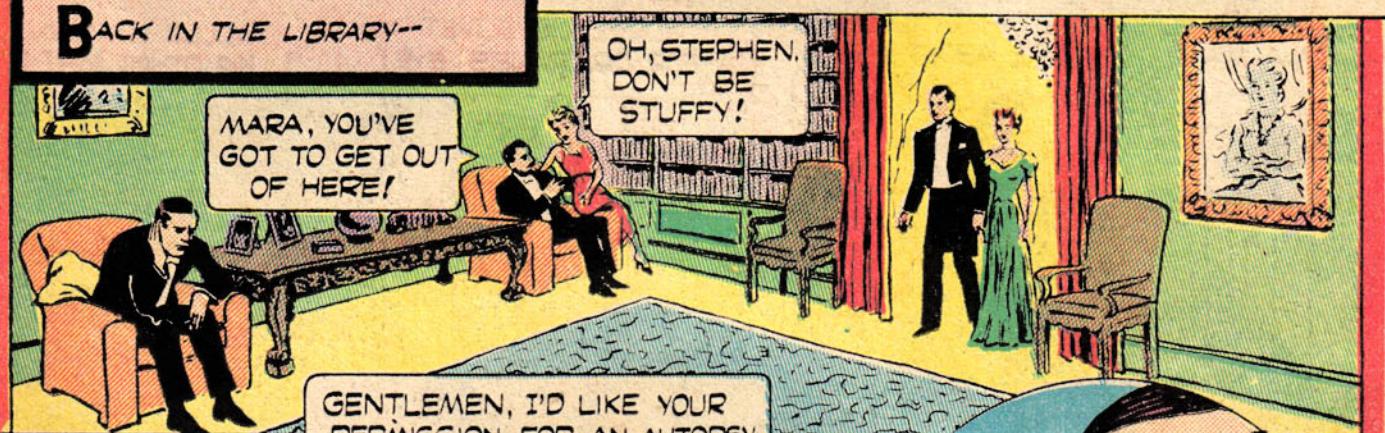
I WISH SOMEONE WOULD BLACKEN HIS OTHER EYE!

THE CORPSE HAS BEEN REMOVED TO AN UPSTAIRS BEDROOM.

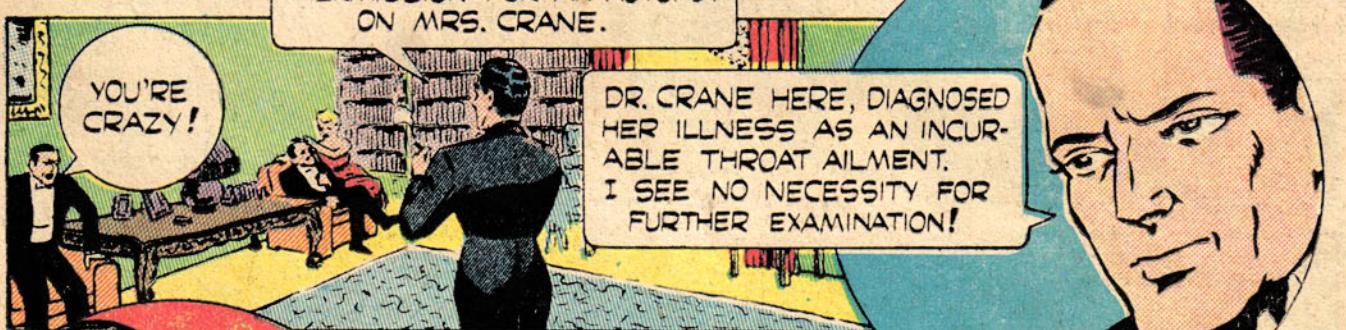




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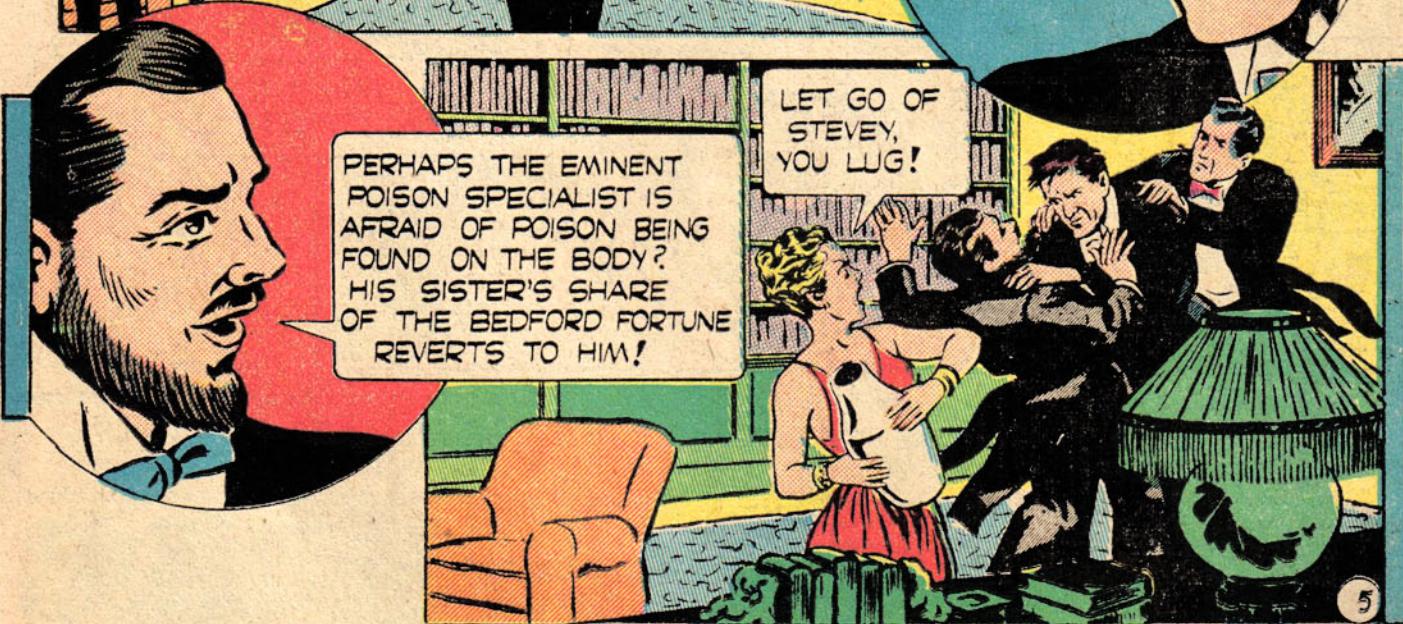


GENTLEMEN, I'D LIKE YOUR PERMISSION FOR AN AUTOPSY ON MRS. CRANE.



PERHAPS THE EMINENT POISON SPECIALIST IS AFRAID OF POISON BEING FOUND ON THE BODY? HIS SISTER'S SHARE OF THE BEDFORD FORTUNE REVERTS TO HIM!

LET GO OF STEVY, YOU LUG!



YOU TWO ACCUSE EACH OTHER OF MURDER.
THERE'S A RED DISCOLORATION ON YOUR
SISTER'S THROAT. SOMETHING'S WRONG
SOMEWHERE!

ALL RIGHT, GO
AHEAD WITH
YOUR AUTOPSY!

THAT'S A
BEAUTIFUL
PORTRAIT OF
MRS. CRANE!
SHE'S WEARING
THE FAMOUS
PEARLS!

THE PORTRAIT WAS DONE
BY CARL SHELLY. HE'S ONE
OF AMERICA'S PERFECTIONISTS!

I'VE MADE HOT COFFEE
FOR YOU. THEY'VE JUST
TAKEN THE BODY TO THE
MORGUE, MR. BRODERICK!

I'D LIKE TO POUR
SOME OF THIS HOT
COFFEE DOWN HIS
FAT NECK!

HAVE SOME MORE COFFEE,
STEVEY. YOU LOOK TIRED.

AS DAY BREAKS, DETECTIVE LARKIN CARRIES REPORTS TO HIS PARTNER WHICH
WILL ENABLE HIM TO UNMASK THE MURDERER OF MRS. CRANE.

CORONER SAYS THAT THE OLD LADY KICKED OFF FROM HEART FAILURE.

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT!

HER THROAT DISCOLORATION WAS CAUSED BY SOME KIND OF IRRITANT, BUT IT HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH HER DYING. THERE'S NO SIGN OF A THROAT ailment.

CORONER CALLED THE HEART SPECIALIST WHO WAS TREATING MRS. CRANE!

HE ASKED THE DOC ABOUT MRS. CRANE'S THROAT ailment. HE SAID SHE'D TOLD HIM ABOUT IT, AND HE BELIEVED IT, SINCE HER HUSBAND DIAGNOSED IT. HE'S RATED NO.1 THROAT SPECIALIST.

THE JEWELER STATED THAT THE PEARL WAS NO PEARL AT ALL, BUT A PIECE OF HOLLOW GLASS, WITH A POWDER IN THE CENTER, AND COVERED WITH A PEARL-COLORED ENAMEL.

I KNOW THE MURDERER, LARKIN. HIDE BEHIND THE DRAPES. CYNTHIA, TELL DR. CRANE I WANT TO SEE HIM.

WHAT DO
YOU WANT,
BRODERICK?

YOU MURDERED
YOUR WIFE, CRANE!

YOU'RE CRAZY!
BEDFORD POISONED
HER WITH THE
PEARLS!

I ELIMINATED
BEDFORD AFTER
WE EXAMINED
MRS. CRANE'S
PORTRAIT, WHICH
SHOWED THE PEARLS
TO BE PERFECTLY
MATCHED. HAD BEDFORD
CHANGED THE PEARLS
HE WOULD HAVE
DISCREDITED SHELLY,
INSTEAD OF SAYING
HE WAS A PERFE-
CTIONIST.

BEDFORD WAS AGAINST THE AUTOPSY
BECAUSE HE LOVED HIS SISTER. YOU
AGREED TO IT, THINKING BEDFORD
WOULDN'T ALLOW IT. THAT PROVED
BEDFORD DIDN'T KNOW THAT THE
CENTER PEARL HAD BEEN CHANGED.

YOU KILLED HER BY INSTILLING FEAR
OF A FAKE INCURABLE THROAT AIL-
MENT. YOU KNEW HER HEART WAS
WEAK. YOU CONTINUALLY WORKED
HER MIND, AND THAT BROUGHT ON
THE HEART ATTACKS--THE LAST
OF WHICH PROVED FATAL.

YOU
WANTED
HER DEAD,
SO THAT
YOU COULD
MARRY
THE OTHER
WOMAN.

YOU'LL NEVER
GET ME ALIVE!
I'LL KILL
YOU FIRST!

I-D-DID WRONG, I-G-GOT WH-
WHAT I DESERVED -----
O-O-H-HHHH-----

HMM-,
HE'S
DEAD!

The
End

SPECIAL...

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

to Readers of STAR COMICS



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IMPROVED!**

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Engraved in
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without
Extra Cost

MAY I PLEASE HAVE
A CIGARETTE, JOHN?
SURE —
THEY'RE HERE
SOMEPLACE

WHY —
THEY'RE ALL
BENT!
GOSH,
NOW I
CAN'T
FIND A
MATCH!

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL
CASE AND LIGHTER!
MAY I
HELP?
HAVE A
CIGARETTE
AND A LIGHT

HEY! WHERE CAN I GET
A COMBINATION CASE
AND LIGHTER LIKE THAT?
JUST SEND
A COUPON
TO H & S
SALES IN
CHICAGO!
I'LL GET ONE,
TOO. WHAT
A MAN!
**CLIP
AND MAIL
COUPON
NOW**

H. & S. SALES CO., Dept. 103
1665 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago 47, Ill.

Please rush combination cigarette case and lighter. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival. I may return in 10 days for refund of purchase price if not delighted. (Send cash. H & S Sales Co. pays postage.)

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Enjoy a lifetime . . . it's so handsomely masculine . . . so distinctive! Mention letter desired and send strip of paper for size. Bargain price 2.97

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TRY AT OUR RISK!

You can't lose a penny! Try this gorgeous ETERNAL LOVE set at our risk. If not satisfied, we will return the price at once. Don't delay. Order a set today. Don't lose this opportunity. Remember—BOTH rings are yours for only 4.89. MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

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DROP IT!
THROW IT!**

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Special!

A sturdy, accurate watch with special jewel movement. Ideal for active women and girls, nurses, teachers, sportswomen, typists, housewives, etc. Case is dainty yet so sturdy! Has luminous hands and numbers for night reading. So feminine and petite, yet so accurate too! 10-Day MONEY BACK Guarantee and conditional free service certificate. Bargain price 7.98



7.97



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Enchanting ring for smart ladies. 20 small Pseudo Diamonds imported from Europe are hand set in twin clusters. Very feminine . . . dainty . . . refined! Only . . . 2.94



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15 Rhinestones in blazing rainbow hues: Ruby-red, Emerald-green, Sapphire-blue and Diamond-white colors. Exquisitely designed, so dainty! 1.98

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To men who succeed in everything, we offer this distinguished Pseudo Diamond and Ruby Ring. Massive! The "big boss" style that thrills the ladies. Rich gold plating. Only 2.99



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PRICE

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TOWN

STATE

PLEASE! Send ring sizes on thin strp. of paper wrapped around finger.

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NOW you can own and enjoy Rocket's most POWERFUL and very BEST FIELD GLASS at a special LOW PRICE! Well made of rugged metals and has specially ground magnification lenses. Such TERRIFIC POWER you won't believe your eyes! Get an intimate view of nature . . . the sky at night . . . the birds, mountains, etc.

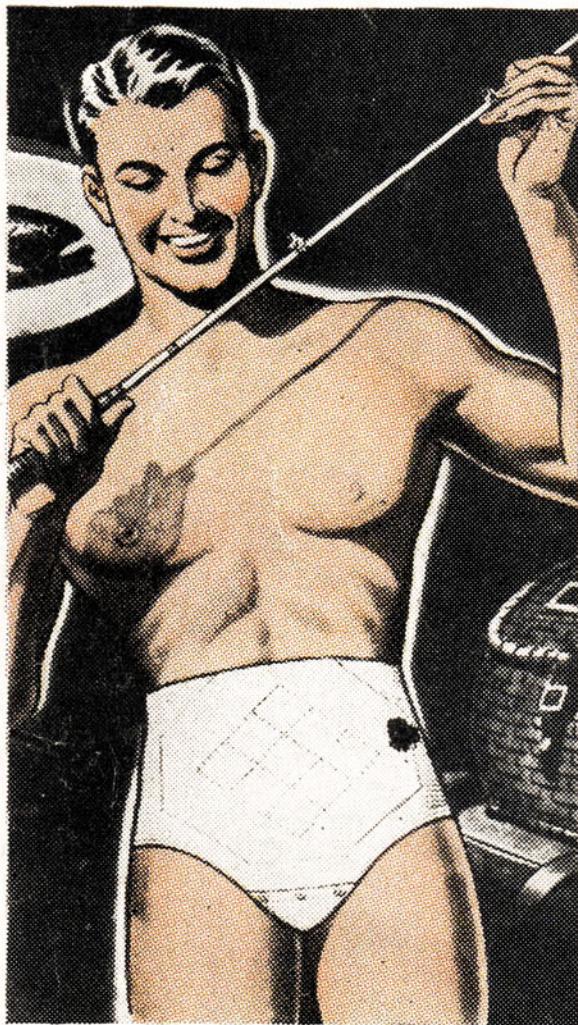
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- ✓ LEVELS FLABBY MIDSECTION
- ✓ MAKES CLOTHES LOOK SWELL
- ✓ FLATTENS BULGING FRONT
- ✓ IDEAL FOR ALL SPORTS
- ✓ DETACHABLE CROTCH PIECE
FOR MALE SUPPORT



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OF FIRM SUPPORT*

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Enclose \$2.98 (or \$3.98 for sizes 48 to 60). You pay postage.
 Also send extra detachable crotch pieces (.75¢ each, 3 for \$2.00).

Bumps, bulges, big "corporation", sloppy appearance, pot belly, clothes looked awful. Looked ten years older.

Protruding stomach pushed back in. Front level. Waist line evened out. Clothes look and feel swell.

